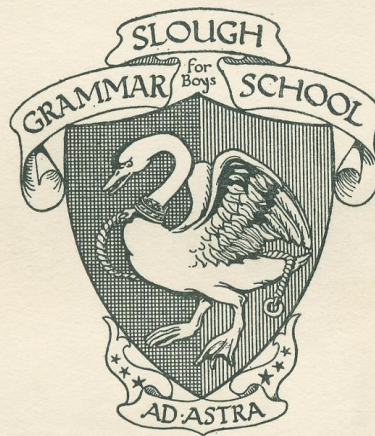


MAGAZINE



DECEMBER, 1937

No. 2

CRICKET 1st XI, 1937.

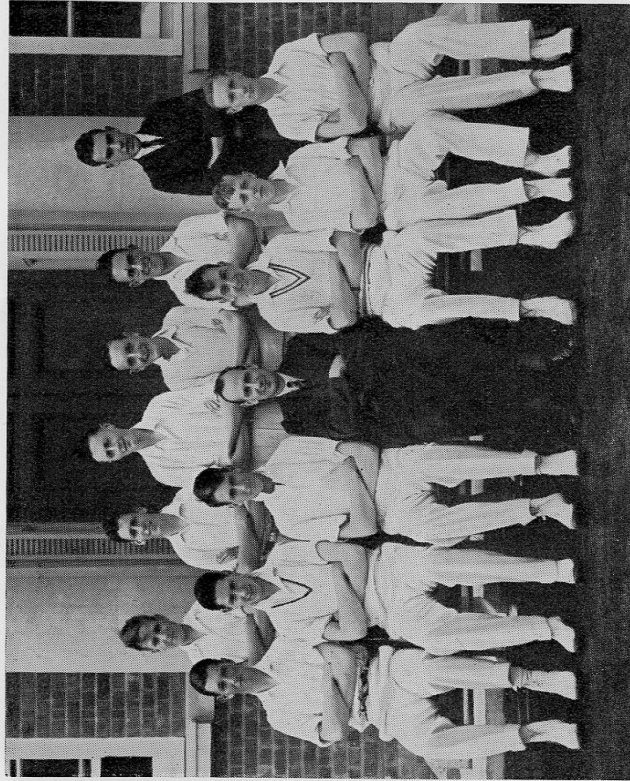


Photo by Greville.

Top Row :— W. H. Dyer, L. D. Hampton, J. L. Anderson, H. J. Burkhard, D. W. Kent, B. T. Barrett.
Front Row :— J. Boxall, W. W. McGillivray, J. V. H. Gecks (Capt.), Mr. Barnes, G. N. C. Fuller, J. T. A. May, D. G. Blake.



Slough Grammar School Magazine.

No. 2.

DECEMBER, 1937.

EDITORIAL.

The fortunes of the School football XI.s have been " somewhat diversified of late," to borrow a euphemism from Lamb. Some would say that the players are " not what they were in the old days "; but these words, so easily and so often spoken on all sorts of subjects, so seldom justified, do not apply here. It happens, a rare circumstance, that scarcely any of last year's players are left. Experience is lacking, not good will, and, after all, there have been some good victories to record.

Of one thing we can be certain : the first XI will play the game of the year on Saturday, December 18th, when we meet the Old Boys. The games, so far, have been merely as practice matches before the Big Fixture. We shall see " what they were in the old days " ! Whatever happens, there will be a ding-dong struggle that will not be easy to forget. REMEMBER THE DATE.

SCHOOL NOTES.

There are now 323 boys on the roll. It is probable that, as from September 1938, the School will become a three-form entry school ; that is, up to 90 boys may be admitted each September instead of only 60 as at present. A direct result of this will be that extensions to the buildings will be necessary at an early date.

* * * *

We deeply regret to record the death of Mr. C. Godfrey in June last. Mr. Godfrey had been a Governor of the Secondary School throughout the whole period of its existence—24 years—and was appointed a Governor of

this School when it opened a year ago. He thus gave 25 years of devoted service to Secondary Education in Slough, and his wise counsel will be greatly missed.

* * * *

The School Orchestra played selections of music at St. Mary's Church Centenary Garden Party in June.

* * * *

Performances have been given in the School Hall of "The Merchant of Venice" by the Amersham Repertory Players, and of G. B. Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra" by the English Classical Players.

* * * *

Four boys took part in the "Dilwara" cruise to the Baltic during the summer holiday.

* * * *

As an experiment, this term the price of School Dinners has been reduced from 9d. to 6d. Over 100 boys now partake of the School Dinner each day.

* * * *

Visits to the Tate Gallery and to the Engineering Exhibition at Olympia have been made this term.

* * * *

Speech Day is fixed for Friday, 17th December. The Headmaster of Eton (Mr. C. A. Elliott) has very kindly promised to distribute the prizes and to give an address.

* * * *

The Autumn Term ends on Tuesday, 21st December, 1937, and the Spring Term begins on Thursday, 13th January, 1938.

The Annual Athletic Sports will be held on Wednesday, 6th April, 1938.

OXFORD LOCAL EXAMINATION RESULTS.

A very high standard was set in the first year's examination results of the new school. J. Boxall gained a Higher School Certificate, taking as his main subjects Botany and Geography.

Of the 50 candidates who took the School Certificate examination, 48 passed. This represents a percentage of 96, while for the country as a whole the percentage was only 70. The standard of attainment of all the candidates was remarkably high, for the average number of Credits obtained by each candidate was 5.2.

Twenty-five of the candidates qualified for exemption from London Matriculation.

In the following list of successful candidates the letters indicate subjects in which Credit standard was reached: (a) art, (b) botany, (bi) biology, (c) chemistry, (e) English, (f) French, (g) geography, (h) history, (l) Latin, (m) mathematics, (sc) general science.

Pass and Matriculation Exemption.

A. L. Baker (e g f m b c g), D. G. Blake (e h f m c g a), M. A. Blamey (r h f m b c g a), R. A. Constantine (e f m b c g), W. H. Dyer (e h f m b c a), L. A. Everett (e f m b c g a), G. S. Furnivall (e h f m b c g a), G. P. Alexandra (e f m c g a), F. G. H. Allen (e f m c bi), J. L. Anderson (e f m c bi a), N. F. Bleines (e h f m c bi g), H. H. Carter (e h m c bi a), A. J. Cotsell (e f m l c bi g a), G. N. C. Fuller (e h m bi a), F. G. Hall (e h f m c bi a), L. D. Hampton (e h f m g a), G. Hayward (e h f m bi g a), J. L. Hedge (e h m bi g), R. V. Pardy (e h f m g), W. W. Pollard (e f m l c bi g a), R. A. Read (e h f m c bi g), R. A. H. Reeves (e h f m c bi g), G. H. Thomas (e f m c bi g), R. C. Warren (e h f m c bi g a), K. D. Weller (e f m c bi g a).

Pass.

S. J. Dean (h m b c g), A. J. Elphick (f m), W. T. A. Goodall (h f c g a), A. S. Griffith (h f b c a), R. J. Hucker (h m), J. T. Joselin (h m b c a), W. W. McGillivray (h m b c g a), J. T. May (h c g a), B. O'Neill (g a), R. J. Sly (h f m b c g a), N. G. Taylor (h b c g), D. H. Arnold (h m g a), W. Blackmun (e h bi g), R. J. Blench (e f m a), R. A. Grantham (h m g), D. W. Kent (e m bi a), J. F. Magrath (e f a), D. J. Minchin (f m c bi g), P. R. S. Renacre (e f), B. R. Tucker (bi g a), E. F. Foster (h sc bi g a), W. E. Mickleburgh (sc a), R. F. Perry (e sc).

BALTIC CRUISE, 1937.

The "Dilwara" is a motor troopship of 11,050 tons. Much of it has been converted into apartments for adult passengers, and the remaining troop decks are used by boys. We slept in hammocks slung from hooks in the girders supporting the deck above. The first duty every morning was to roll hammocks and stow them in the hammock room. If the hammock was not tidy the unfortunate owner had to roll it again. Every morning orders for the day were issued

from the orderly room, and on most mornings there was life-boat drill. While the ship was at sea there were cinema shows, concerts and many sporting events, so that it was always possible to find amusement.

Our first port of call was Arendal in Norway, which we reached after sailing for thirty-five hours. The ship was heartily welcomed, and this welcome was characteristic of the Norwegians' attitude towards us during our short visit to their beautiful country. They are the most amiable people I have met. Not only were they very hospitable to us, but there seemed to be a general tone of friendliness between themselves similar to that which may be found in some of our small villages but not in our large towns. The number of privately-owned motor-boats and yachts was amazing.

The principal excursion was a motor-boat trip up the River Nid as far as the Rygene Falls. This river is in a deep valley, the sides of which are clothed in pine woods, with small wooden houses perched among them in seemingly impossible places. The surface of the river is almost completely covered with branchless trees, which are floated to the sawmills. On arriving at the falls we left the boats and walked to the pulp-mills near the top of the falls. Here the early stages in the manufacture of paper are carried out. The trees are carried down to the mill from further up the river by means of a chute containing running water. The first process is to saw the trunks into small logs. The bark is then removed by a revolving drum and the logs passed on to the next shed, where they are pressed into pulp. The pulp is partially dried and pressed between heavy rollers into sheets of rough yellowish paper about an eighth of an inch thick. These sheets are made up into piles, which are compressed and bound with wire. The final bundles are sent to the paper mills by aerial railway.

We left Arendal in the evening and the ship was escorted to sea by a flotilla of motor-boats.

During the next day we sailed over the narrow strip of sea between Denmark and Sweden, with both these countries in sight, and arrived at Danzig at 6.30 the next morning. Here we could not enter the port, and had to anchor in the Roads of Zoppot. The people of Zoppot and Danzig provided a great contrast to the friendly Swedes. They took very little notice of anyone from the "Dilwara." Zoppot is a holiday resort, and was full of people in dressing-gowns and bathing-costumes. There were pictures of Herr Hitler in many of the shop windows.

We went on a conducted tour of Danzig in the afternoon. It is a port of considerable importance and has a large ship-building industry. The population is 97 per cent. German and three per cent. Polish. The quarters round the docks are filthy. The narrow, cobbled streets are covered with rubbish and smell objectionably. The newer part of the town is as clean as an industrial town can be. Here again Herr Hitler is in prominence, and once a man in uniform saluted our guide in the customary Nazi manner. Our impression of Danzig was not a very pleasant one.

From Danzig we sailed to Stockholm, and once again met with the hospitality of the Scandinavian people. We arrived at Stockholm in the evening, and were not allowed ashore till the next morning. The city is surprisingly clean for a place of such considerable size, and has many beautiful buildings. The entrance to the harbour is very beautiful, for a ship has to pass through a maze of islands which are covered with pine trees growing down to the water's edge. Some of the islands have steep sloping sides, and on one or two were small houses with a drop of thirty or forty feet just outside their front doors. We went by motor-boat through the waterways of this "Venice of the North," and it was then that we appreciated its sheer beauty. It is a city of lakes and seas, hills and forests.

After staying for two days we left Stockholm and sailed for Helsingfors. This is the capital of Finland, and the most northerly capital city in the world. There is quite a large percentage of Swedish people in the city, and the names of all the streets are written in Finnish and Swedish. All the secondary school children learn four languages. It is essential that they should speak Finnish and Swedish, but in addition they learn English and German. The Swedish name for the city is Helsingfors : the Finns call it Helsinki.

The buildings are largely of light-coloured granite, and as the city is free from smoke it is well called "The White City of the North." There are many places of interest. The House of the Diet, or the Houses of Parliament, built of pale rose granite, is a beautiful example of modern Finnish architecture.

The two greatest churches are the Great Church and the Russian Church. The Great Church is built in the Renaissance style of architecture. Around the dome are the statues of the twelve Apostles. The Russian Church is built of red stone, and has no seats, as sitting during worship is considered irreverent.

The station of Helsingfors is an imposing building of dark granite with a large clock tower.

We left Helsingfors in the evening, and during the night ran into a thick fog. This made us six hours late at Copenhagen. There was an official welcome on the quay, after which we toured the city in motor-coaches. Copenhagen, or Köbenhavn as it is written in Danish, is picturesque and beautiful. The only Danish University is there, and in the Royal Library and National Museum are treasures of immense value to students of Viking and Northern history. The City Hall, Christiansborg Castle, the Bourse and State-owned Theatre are fine examples of architecture.

The Russian Church is of striking pattern, being built in light buff-coloured bricks and turreted in front. It is not yet finished inside.

In the evening the Corporation allowed free entrance to the Tivoli to any passenger of the "Dilwara." The Tivoli is a magnificent pleasure garden with many fountains and picturesque lighting effects.

Copenhagen was our last port. We sailed from the city, through the Sound, the Kattegat and the Skagerrak, into the North Sea which proved to be in a disagreeable mood, and the dinner table was strangely deserted! Although we had passed such an enjoyable holiday in the Baltic, nobody was sorry to see England's familiar countryside once more.

J. ANDERSON (VI).

THE PIRATE'S SONG.

(After Kipling's "The Smuggler's Song.")

See the Jolly Roger,
Flutt'ring from the mast!
Give a hearty cheer, mates,
Here's a ship at last!
Don't you ask no questions,
But do as you are told,
And you'll be give your portion
Of gleaming gems and gold.

Battered under hatches maybe there are pearls,
Glitt'ring diamonds in a chest, fit for Dukes and Earls.
So throw your iron grapples, buccaneers bold;
Now we'll rush aboard her, and see what's in her hold.

Then we'll run for harbour, to a small deserted isle,
And 'neath the spreading palm trees we'll sit and share
the spoil:
But soon we'll rove afresh, mates, and plunder once
again,
About the Bay of Biscay, and on the Spanish Main.

See the Jolly Roger
Flutt'ring from the mast!
Give a hearty cheer, boys,
Here's a ship at last!

E. S. BEAVEN (IIIb).

A SOUTH AFRICAN NATIONAL PARK.

One of the most wonderful journeys in the world is a motor trip through the Kruger National Park. This is the greatest of many reserved areas in South Africa where wild creatures of various kinds roam in natural surroundings, completely undisturbed by hunters. It is a great stretch of country on the north-western border of the Transvaal, and was set aside as a game reserve in order to prevent various species of animal life in South Africa from becoming extinct.

The story of the Park began in 1898, when President Kruger, after whom it is named, issued a proclamation setting apart the land between the Crocodile and Sabi Rivers as a sanctuary for game. This was known as the Sabi Reserve, and from time to time it has been extended to protect animals that were not included in the old reserve, and to allow wider spaces for the herds of the various creatures in it. It now stretches from the Crocodile River in the south, along the Portuguese boundaries to the Limpopo and Rhodesia in the north.

The Park is about 200 miles long and has an area of 8,000 square miles, so that it is a little larger than Wales. In its early days it was administered with the purpose of increasing the numbers of various animals native to the district. Some of these, among them the black and white rhinoceros, the elephant and the eland, had practically disappeared, and others, such as the buffalo, giraffe, and roan antelope, were threatened with extinction. All the animals in the Park

have flourished, and some of those that had vanished found their way into it from neighbouring territory. Thus the position has changed, and in 1926 the Park was established as a sanctuary for all time by the Government of the Union of South Africa, and can now be visited by all who are interested in this splendid remnant of unspoiled Africa.

The Park is a romantic land of forest and kopje with reed-fringed rivers and wide gorges. There are a few resident natives, who live under tribal law and are unspoiled by contact with civilization. Other features of interest include the caves that are to be seen in nearly all the rock outcrops. A particularly interesting landmark is the ruin of the house of Albassini, on the south bank of the Sabi River, for this was the home of the first white man to live in the eastern veldt.

Throughout the summer the rivers are swollen by tropical rains, flooding their banks and bearing away huge trees, animals and native huts. On the other hand the climate is ideal throughout the southern winter months, that is from May to October.

The best way to see the wonders of the Kruger National Park is to travel through it by car. Visitors are allowed to carry one firearm, but this must be used only in self-defence.

It is usual to enter at Komatipoort, at the southern end of the reserve, and from there to drive for 300 miles along well-made roads to the most northerly point. Visitors who spend a night in the Park must stay at one of the rest camps placed at convenient points.

The best time for seeing the animals in the Park is in the half light of early morning or late afternoon. They are for the most part so accustomed to motor cars that they take very little notice of them, and the traveller sees a bewildering variety of them with as little difficulty as in a Zoo. They are in their native haunts, however, and therefore are more natural and attractive. There are immense herds of zebra, and antelopes of all kinds. These include the graceful impala, tsessebe, ungainly in appearance yet very swift, and the eland, which has reddish-brown fur and slow, gentle movements, and resembles the ox in appearance. Water-buck can be seen swimming powerfully in the cool river waters, and most remarkable of all, perhaps, is the kudu with its long spiral horns and dainty gait.

Herds of buffalo are encountered, particularly in the south, and the shaggy blue wildebeeste, with their ox-like heads and mane resembling that of a horse, are more numerous than any other animal in the Park. Huge giraffes try to hide behind trees as motors pass them, and the traveller is watched from the side of the road by troops of baboons, which are of particular interest because of their tameness and extraordinary intelligence. In the dense bush of the lower Sabi River valley, the traveller may catch sight of the black rhinoceros, which is fast disappearing from the game-lands of Africa.

The waters of the rivers look cool and refreshing, but bathing would be dangerous, for the streams harbour crocodiles, which can best be seen on cold winter mornings, basking on sandbanks in the rays of the sun. Some of them are over 14 feet in length. Monitor lizards, which are so large that they are often mistaken for crocodiles, also pass an undisturbed existence in the rivers.

A trip through Kruger Park is incomplete unless it includes an encounter with a lion. The visitor may come upon him as he strolls along the road at evening, or as he dines upon his kill at the roadside, presenting a unique opportunity for the photographer. If he is not troubled, he is unconcerned by the presence of a car, but it is unwise for the traveller to leave the car or approach him.

An interesting creature is the mongoose. It is a small animal, not exceeding 24 inches in length, but it has courage and confidence out of all proportion to its size. It levies a heavy toll on snakes, and rarely suffers defeat in its clashes with them. Snakes are very common, but many are of harmless varieties, although if the traveller ventures into the long grass at the roadside he may encounter the deadly mamba or ring-necked cobra.

It is impossible to mention all the creatures that find a home in this magnificent park. These range from the cheetah and wild dog to the elephant and hippopotamus, and there is a wonderful variety of bird life. Eagles, with wings nine feet in span, and vultures are to be seen, and game-birds find refuge in the mighty zoo which preserves for future generations animals and birds that might otherwise have become extinct.

W. POLLARD (VI).

ON GETTING UP.

I am writing this article for the benefit of those many parents who believe that getting up, for the younger generation, is a joy. This will show, I hope, what a joyful event it is on a real November morning.

The first that I know of the beginning of another day is the ring of the faithful (too faithful for me) alarm-clock. It sounds dim and faint, as if from the distance at first, and then, becoming louder, it shouts with its strongest voice until I am forced to turn over, if only for the sake of peace. Then follows a series of ineffectual grabs at the clock while I am still lying down with my eyes shut. As this is futile, I sit up, and, feeling like throwing the clock out of the window, restrain myself, fumble with the catch, and finally manage to stop the deafening noise. All is quiet and I decide to have just five minutes longer. Lying back, I contemplate the ceiling, thinking of nothing in particular but with a dim idea that I should be up. I slip back into unconsciousness, only to re-awaken with a start and the impression that it is some time since the alarm rang. I am reassured by a glance at the clock, and realise that I really must get up this time.

Brrr ! it's terribly cold, and colder still when I have to search for my socks. Shivering, I don my slippers and look out to see what sort of day it is. Sometimes it is frosty and as often as not there is a thick fog outside, and I think of my cycle ride to school. I have no option, however, but to go down, and go down I do, to put the kettle on for my parents' cup of tea. At the same time I think how lucky some people are, and wish others would experience the joys of getting up first on a real November morning.

G. P. ALEXANDRA (VI).

A FROSTY MORNING.

Tall gaunt trees overlook the misty hedges ;
All the frosty ways are hard and bright ;
Tiny glistening diamonds gleam upon the ledges ;
Who has been at work throughout the night ?

Birds rest on the branches, forlorn, cold, and waiting ;
Trees are looking withered and bare ;
Ponds are ice-covered ; everyone is skating ;
Laughter ripples crisply through the air.

J. D. WARE (IIA).

CORN-HUSKING.

Probably the "toughest" sport in the world is a corn-husking contest. There is no such thing as a break for refreshment during the eighty minutes packed with strenuous action which make one of these competitions.

Picture a field of maize stretching in front of you. Each husker has six rows of corn—which fall to him by lot—higher than his head, and stretching 565 yards before him. High, tractor-drawn wagons are lined up behind the huskers. The drivers of these must keep pace with the huskers as they pick and husk the corn.

There's the gun !

S - s - t ! Look at the big fellow at the end ! He grasps an ear in his left hand, and with a single slash of his hook the husks are peeled off. With a flick of his wrist, the ear sails back and into the wagon. Almost before it lands, the next ear is in the air. Bang—bang—bang—in steady rhythm the corn drops in.

During the first minute this big fellow has husked forty-eight ears. In this time the man is using all his faculties, bending, straightening, quickly selecting the big ears, and, most important of all, peeling cleanly.

Forty minutes in the hot sun of the Mid-West and the men, tough as they are, begin to feel it. Their shirts stick like fly-paper, sweat runs in streams down their faces, but they still average more than forty a minute.

Everything these men have goes into the eighty minutes of fatiguing "shucking," at a pace that would break an ordinary athlete.

It's all over now, and they come in on top of their wagons with knuckles bleeding from the battering of the hard corn. Instead of taking shower-baths they climb back into big sheepskin coats, and apologise for not doing better.

The men taking part in these contests are like that. They are clean-living, intelligent, hard workers from the farm. The first prize for which they so laboriously toil is never more than one hundred dollars.

The rules make it even harder for the contestant than it would appear. For every pound of good, marketable corn left on the stalks by the husker, three pounds are deducted from his total. He must pick all corn which has grown longer than three inches. He also has to husk cleanly, being allowed to leave only five ounces of husk on every one hundred pounds. At the end of the contest, if the total amount of husk left on the cobs should average nine ounces per hundred pounds, three per cent. of the husker's poundage

is deducted from his pickings. One winner handled 2,995 pounds of corn, but the judges found enough good corn on the stalks, and enough husk on the picked ears, to diminish this total by $88\frac{1}{2}$ pounds.

For hard, "tough" sport this corn-husking beats all.

F. RUSSELL (VA).

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING MUCH.

Characters : MAC SHYLOCK, a master.
DAME MAC SHYLOCK, his wife.
AUGUSTUS, a scholar.

SCENE I : A SCHOOLROOM.

Gus. (aside) : My mind is tossing on the ocean,
Where argosies, with portly sail,
Speed o'er the dimpling sea
To Spain, with all its castles.
What, can I never concentrate ?

Mac S. : Oh, buffoon ! pay attention !
And eke bring out to me your journal,
Wherein, methinks, 'tis best for me to sign.
Quill ho !

Gus. : But, by your leave, sir—

Mac S. : Enough ! You speak an infinite deal of
nothing.
Your reasons are as two grains of wheat
Hid in two bushels of chaff.

Gus. : Nay, but hear me !
Pardon this fault, and, by my soul, I swear
I never more will break my faith with thee.
Why, look you, how you storm ! I would be
friends
And have your love. Forget the names that
you
Have scorned me with.

Mac S. : By my soul, I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me.

Gus. : How shall you hope for mercy, rendering
none ?

Mac S. : I hope for justice, as I render justice.

Gus. : The quality of mercy is not strained ;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath.

Mac S. : Enough, thou fool of Hagar's offspring !

Gus. (aside) : He is a villain, with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple, rotten at the core.
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
Yea, the man's a stony adversary, an in-
human wretch,
Void and empty of any dram of mercy.
By my troth, my little body's weary of this
world.

SCENE II : THE DETENTION ROOM.

Mac S. : You are welcome, take your place.

Gus. (aside) : Methinks ere long that we shall have old
swearing.
(*Cadet Band strikes up.*)
Here will I sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in my ears.

Mac S. : When you hear the drum,
And the vile squealing of the wry-necked fife,
Clamber not up to the casements.

Gus. : Yea, sire, and now to work,
To peer in maps for ports, and piers, and
roads.

Mac S. : Well, do you so. Let not me see you cease
For if I do, I'll mar all with my pencil.
* * * *

Now will we go. Go you before me, sirrah !
An if I catch you dreaming, e'en once more,
I stand for judgment, to pay off the score.

Gus. : Unto my house, away ! I quick must flee.
In sooth, I am right hungry for my tea.

SCENE III : MAC SHYLOCK'S BEDROOM.

- Dame Mac S.* : Hark ! it appears as if again
My husband walks abroad while in his sleep.
It is a sign of great, great, mental pain.
Sleep-walking and clear conscience do not
keep
In company—
- Mac S.* : Poor 'Gustus had a journal. What's in it
(sleep- now ? What, will these hands never be
walking) clean ? No more o' that, my boy, no more
o' that.
- Dame Mac S.* : What a sigh is there ! Thy heart is sorely
charged. I would not have such a heart
for the dignity of the whole body.
- Mac S.* : To bed, to bed ! What's done cannot be un-
done. The lad's been in detention. There's
nought that I can do to right my wrong.

CURTAIN.

- Epilogue Spoken by Augustus :*
Now, masters all, give ear to what I mention :
Never again put pupils in detention.
You'll never sleep, regretting cruelty
In keeping boys an hour from their tea.

G. E. HILLS,
W. E. MICKLEBURGH (VA).

CASTLES IN SPAIN.

The building of castles in Spain is a more universal pastime than any of the national sports, such as cricket and football. Who can affirm that he has never built a castle in Spain ? All kinds of people indulge in it, from children to grown men and women, from financiers to fishmongers.

The big business man dreams of a successful coup which will make him independent for the rest of his life, the milk-man of a cruise through the sleepy Mediterranean. The child's desire is for a fairy castle, which stands aloof on a shining pinnacle of marble. The walls are of gold and the gates of silver, burnished so that they sparkle like the water of a mountain stream in the summer sun. The battlements shimmer with gems, and on them stand trumpeters dressed in robes of purple and emerald, edged with ermine. From the gates and down the zig-zag path rides a band of gaily-dressed knights on prancing milk-white stallions. Servants

in brilliant liveries wait on them and carry their armour. Thus does the child, with his lively fancy, conjure up a kingdom over which to reign, and almost makes it real.

The staid, middle-aged business man, however, wants not this jewelled edifice with its gay inhabitants. He does not desire the myriads of attendants. His humble dream is a quiet cottage in the country when he retires.

Around it there is to be a vegetable garden and an orchard. The latter is bordered on one side by the cheery, bubbling brook which comes tumbling down the steep slope of a hill, past a copse of beeches. On all sides rise the purple, heather-covered hills, except to the west, where the white, dusty road stretches like a narrow ribbon through a gap. In the same direction, in the morning, when the veil of haze has been withdrawn from the hollow, one can catch a glimpse of the sapphire sea, foam-flecked and sparkling in the sun. Above, a gull is wheeling, turning slowly against the wind and gliding smoothly down again, uttering his strange, melancholy cry like the voice of a lost soul, condemned to be tossed for ever by the wild spirits of the air, pitiful yet fitting the lonely beauty of the landscape.

This scene is more beautiful now, in his day-dreams, than it will be in reality. It harms no-one, however, to construct these air-built castles, for by such day-dreams one obtains a great and abiding joy. Moreover, the dreamer experiences no disappointment, either at the realisation or the non-realisation of his dreams ; for there are always more castles to be built on the ruins of the old.

A. J. COTSELL (VI).

SHIPWRECKED.

Though palm-trees wave,
And golden is the sandy shore,
Give me to furl a threshing sail,
And hear the ocean's roar.

We were four and thirty mariners,
A-sailing through the night,
A storm blew up ; and then our ship
Sank at morning light.

The bright birds sing,
And green the palm-trees wave.
The sky is blue, but this green isle—
Is it my lonely grave ?

G. MOORE (IVB).

RAYON.

The leading manufacturers of artificial silk believed that the word 'artificial' implied a stigma on this wonderful new textile product, and coined the word 'Rayon.' Throughout the world a fabric made from 'Rayon' has to-day as many admirers as silk.

Just as other inventions were the results of mishaps, so 'Rayon' was discovered by accident. Sir Joseph Wilson Swan, an electric light bulb manufacturer, experimenting in 1877 to find a new way of making filaments for electric light bulbs, left some of his filaments at home. A woman found them and made them into d'oyleys, which are now on view at the South Kensington Museum. A Frenchman, Count Hilaire de Chardonnet, another 'Rayon' pioneer, upset a pot of photographic collodion. Some stuck to his fingers, and in stretching them apart he found that it formed bright silk-like threads. For thirty years people experimented, and at last the new fabric was made.

It is in the Canadian forests that 'Rayon' begins its story. Pine logs are brought down the river in hundreds, just as the ice is melting. They are taken to the pulp-mills, stripped of their bark, and then treated with chemicals. The resins are thus removed from the pine logs, and only pure cellulose is left. The finished product of the pulp-mill is known as sulphate wood-pulp, and is of much greater purity than the ordinary pulp from which the paper of newspapers is made. This pulp is then put into presses and made into cardboard-like sheets. These are packed in cases and sent across the Atlantic to the 'Rayon' factories in England.

Caustic soda is allowed to soak into the pulp, which turns a yellow colour, and the sheets are then placed in filter presses, so that the chemical is squeezed out. They are next put into machines which tear the sheets of pulp into small pieces, known as 'crumbs.' Later the 'crumbs' are put into revolving churns and carbon bisulphide is mixed with them. As the product leaves the churns, it is a sticky mass of bright orange-coloured pulp. This passes through pipes into a large tank, where it is again treated with caustic soda.

Large paddles are revolving in the closed tank, to keep in motion the sticky mass, which is now known as viscose. From the tank the viscose passes through more pipes to the spinning room. The spinning machines consist of a series of units, each of which is made up of a pump, a fine jet with a large number of minute holes, a bath of acid, and a rapidly revolving pot, or box.

The viscose solution is pumped through the jets, forming tiny threads. As these threads pass into the bath of acid they become solid. The mass of tiny threads from each jet is lifted out of the bath and passed into the revolving box.

This box is a very ingenious device which throws the continuous flow of threads to the outside and gradually builds up a mass of unbroken yarn in the form of a 'cake.' There may be anything between 20 and 100 threads in one length of yarn. If you take a piece of 'Rayon' yarn from some fabric you will be able to see for yourself that it is made of these tiny hair-like threads. Finally, the cakes of yarn have to be washed and bleached, and before they are ready for the wearer they have to be wound for weaving. Rayon is made by different processes, and each gives a special name to the yarn so made. 'Viscose' and 'acetate' are the best-known. A leading firm is to-day experimenting with a new fibre called "staple fibre." This consists of 'Rayon' yarns cut into short strips and then spun again. This yarn, in combination with wool, silk or cotton, is producing some wonderful materials and may be the yarn of the future. Rayon is producing materials never dreamt of twenty years ago.

G. B. BORWELL (IIB).

THE NIGHT MARAUDER.

There's a silent eerie blackness,
In the garden by the moor ;
There's a rustle in the bushes
Warns the watchers at the door ;
A shadow slinks from the covert,
And steals down the side of the wall ;
The moon slides into a cloud,
And darkness descends like a pall.

The shadow darts for the threshold,
With the speed of a swooping bat ;
The moon slides slowly out again,
And shines on—the family cat.

L. EMPSON (IVB).

ISN'T IT STRANGE?

Do you think that it is possible to sit on the pavement in Regent Street, for fifteen long hours, without attracting the attention of the numerous passers-by? I did it once, and dozens of our London "Bobbies" saw me, but they did not say a word. Anyhow, why should they? I was not doing any harm.

I had only been there a matter of minutes before a huge crowd gathered—men, women and children, stretching to Oxford Circus, and even as far as Marble Arch. As the crowd grew in size I smiled, thinking of the people who would have loved to have my seat, stoney as it was.

Throughout the night and the chilly hours of dawn I sat on; but when the afternoon came I stood up, waved my arms, and cheered madly—and with me the crowd—as King George VI and Queen Elizabeth passed in the golden State Coach on that day of days, May 12th, 1937.

A. BURNEY (III A).

WIND.

The wind is howling round the house. I sink lower into my large arm-chair, and draw up closer to a blazing log fire. The room is lighted by only one small reading lamp, giving an impression of cosiness, and I am thankful not to be out on this bleak and windy night.

The door slowly opens, and I hear voices. Suddenly they break off and someone, addressing me, says: "The dog must go for a walk."

Slowly and painfully I look up, and, seeing that there is no escape, I take one last yearning look at the fire, pass my hand once in front of the flame, as if hoping to retain its warmth, and then I rise and leave.

I put on a thick coat and muffler, gloves and warm boots, and, thus prepared, I step out into the night.

The wind is bitterly cold, and the first freezing blast takes my breath away in a gasp. As I struggle down the road the wind blows hard in my face, as if trying to stop me in my course. Battling on, I reach the end of the road and face into the teeth of the gale, which is blowing across the open moor from the sea. Leaning on the wind I press each foot in front of me with an effort.

By the side of the road there are telegraph wires, leading to the coastguard's station, and I can hear the wind shrieking terrifyingly through them. It has a salty tang about it which might be pleasant if it were not so cold.

As I reach the cliff-edge I find that the sea is whipped into a white fury, for even in the dark the foam is clearly visible. The wind moans mournfully in the caves, and at last I turn round to leave.

The effect on me is suddenly, in a flash, changed. From my struggle against the gale I turn round, and it quickly thrusts me forward as if bidding me hurry and leave its presence. It rushes me on, hurrying and bustling, even throwing me forward.

What a mighty master and powerful tryant this wind is. All my life I have lived here, often had experiences such as this, and still the wind masters me. It holds me, commands me; I am powerless, like an infant in arms, in its mighty clutch.

The light in the house appears and I am soon home, and then once more I am master of myself.

As I sink again into my chair by the fireside, I can still hear the wind howling outside. It makes my chair a hundred times more cosy.

G. N. C. FULLER (VI).

ISLANDS.

"Williams, what do you know about the Isle of Man?" As the boy stands up to answer, my thoughts wander to other islands—the Coral Island, Treasure Island, Crusoe's Island.

These are romantic, stirring places, with adventure round each corner. One does not worry about their population, rainfall, plant or animal life. Instead, there are bold pirates with gleaming cutlasses—fully-rigged schooners with mutinous crews—cannibals with spears, hide shields and blood-curdling war-cries—marooned men, who have only a gun between them and starvation—naval frigates with jolly British tars in blue uniforms—hand-to-hand combats between the pirates and cannibals—fiendish tortures which wring shrieks of agony from unfortunate victims—silver bars, pieces of eight, gold doubloons which have been buried in the sand—and hosts of other exciting things to think about.

Then, if one is not so imaginative, there is the scenery to be admired—the sea, which sends its curling wavelets shorewards on calm days, but, at other times, thunders and roars, and dashes its huge white breakers ruthlessly against the cliffs, flinging spume far inland; the shore, which is golden-brown, and sandy, and smooth, gleaming in the strong sunlight but sometimes obscured by surging water; the gigantic granite cliffs, standing like sentinels, from the top of which one can see, for miles upon miles, nothing but a wide expanse of blue-green ocean; the green trees and vegetation, beautifying the island, but making places for man or beast to lurk; the dazzling, colourful birds, peacocks, parrots, humming birds, and cockatoos—which screech, and squawk from tree to tree. One can stand for hours, entranced by these wonderful creations.

Thousands of fish of all kinds abound in the placid lagoons off the shore. There are pearl oysters and octopuses in the gloom of the deep water; sharks flashing to and fro, their dorsal fins leaving a white wake behind them; turtles which move so slowly and awkwardly on the sands but which are so much at home in the water; flying fish which flit through the air with their scales glinting; and everywhere there is the clean, fresh smell of seaweed.

How many different sorts of islands are there? There are coral-made islands. It seems impossible that microscopic polyps make them. There are floating islands, pieces of half-submerged wreckage upon which vegetation has appeared. There are islands which are nothing but the bare, black tops of long-dead volcanoes jutting up from the deep sea-bed. There are islands where fierce head-hunters live, and the only white man for a thousand miles is the missionary. There are islands which have never been disturbed by any human being.

Islands, as one pictures them in imagination, are peaceful. They are places where there are no troubles, where the green scenery gives a sense of calm solitude. The silence is broken only by the noise of the sea and the songs of the birds. There is an immense peace and a feeling of security . . .

"Johnson, will you repeat what Williams has just said?" breaks in a stern voice. "You cannot, eh? Well, you will write me one hundred lines."

K. JENNER (VB).

THE SEASONS.

The joys of spring
New hopes do bring,
When buds appear
Fresh every year,
And birds return again.

The sun's bright rays
In summer days
Mean merry fun
In shade and sun
With walks down many a lane.

Then autumn's dress
Brings happiness.
The fruit so good,
The harvest food,
Make this world seem so jolly.

But winter's here
And Christmas near.
Good will doth flow
Though cold winds blow,
And halls are decked with holly.

D. ROSE (IIA).

LIBRARY NOTES.

We are very grateful to the undermentioned donors for the books and periodicals here listed:

Councillor R. Taylor—"Field and Lane: Sketches of Wild Nature and Country Life"; "Flowers" (illustrated in colour); "On Foot in Devon," Henry Williamson; "Picturesque Towns and Villages of England and Wales," H. Beresford Stevens; "Famous Trains," Cecil J. Allen; editions of each of the following plays by Shakespeare: "Richard III," "Twelfth Night," "The Merchant of Venice," "Julius Caesar," "King Lear."

Mr. Jones—"Siberia: Travel and Exploration," S. Turner, F.R.G.S.

Mr. Collin—"La Perfecta Casada," Fray Luis de Leon; "Optica del Cortejo," Jose Cadalso; "Entremeses," Cervantes; "Naufragios," Cabeza de Vaca.

Mr. Wilson—"Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise," Henri Taine (4 vols.).

K. Weller (Form VI)—"German-English, English-German Dictionary," Cassell.

G. L. Williams (Form IVa)—"Pictorial History of England," (5 vols.) 1841.

R. Hussey (Form IIIA)—"The Secret of Stark Island," Colin Desmond.

N. Woodford (Form IIA)—"Schoolboys' Bumper Book"; "Happy Book for Boys"; "King of the Speedway."

Mr. J. E. Goulding—"The Home Photographer," "The Kodak Magazine," both contributed monthly to the reading room.

Mr. H. A. Peace—Several volumes of "The National Geographical Magazine" of America, in their monthly parts.

Mr. Mairs—"The Motor," contributed weekly.

CADET NOTES.

This term has been a busy one for the Cadets: no fewer than three special parades have had to be practised for and attended.

On Thursday, 21st October, the Corps formed part of a Guard of Honour, which welcomed Her Royal Highness Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, to Slough on the occasion of the opening of St. Mary's Church Centenary Bazaar in the Public Hall.

The Annual Inspection of the Corps was carried out on Tuesday, 8th November, by Major P. S. Eliot, who expressed himself well satisfied with the state of efficiency of the Cadets.

On 11th November, the Cadets attended the Annual Armistice Day Service outside the Adelphi Cinema.

Recruiting has been much more satisfactory this term than for some time, and we are pleased to welcome the following new Cadets and hope that they will spend many enjoyable hours with us: Ahlers, Brant, Beaven, Biggs, Borwell, Childs, Day, Dann, Fraser, Fletcher, Griffin, Hills, Hartley, Johnson, Jones, Mann, Pitcher, Rogers, Ridgewell, Sage, Buckingham, May (ii), Brittain (ii), Grayson.

Promotions: Cadets G. N. C. Fuller and J. May to be corporals.

T.A.

SWIMMING.

The most important development to record this year is the securing of the Social Centre Baths for two periods a week. It is to be hoped that regular practice will result in a considerable improvement in style by those who can swim, and also in more boys learning to swim. It is rather disappointing to have to give such a poor account of the Life-Saving Class. Up to date the only award is:—

Omer—Intermediate Certificate, but there may be another examination before Christmas, and we hope that there will then be other awards to report. Those who can swim fairly well should remember the great importance of having some knowledge of the methods of life-saving.

Another successful Gala took place in July at the Social Centre Baths. The results were:—

CLASS I. One Length.—1 Gecks (20 2/5 sec.), 2 Lightfoot, 3 McGillivray.

CLASS II. One Length Breast Stroke.—1 Omer (30 1/5 sec.), 2 Wilkins, 3 Hoesli.

CLASS III. Best Two Dives.—1 Biggs, 2 Downes and Boshier tied.

CLASS I. One Length Breast Stroke.—1 Griffith (26 1/5 sec.), 2 Gecks, 3 Sly.

CLASS II. One Length.—1 Jacques (22 1/5 sec.), 2 Omer, 3 Wilkins.

CLASS III. One width.—1 Biggs, 2 Parsley, 3 Boshier.

NON-SWIMMERS' RACE.—1 Mann, 2 Fraser, 3 Ness.

100 YARDS Open.—1 Gecks (1 min. 23 3/5 sec.), 2 Griffith, 3 McGillivray.

DIVING FOR PLATES.—1 Gecks (10 plates), 2 Furnivall (8), 3 Griffin (6).

OBSTACLE RACE.—1 Hoesli, 2 Barrett, 3 Jacques.

LIFE-SAVING RACE.—1 Gecks, 2 Sly.

BEST THREE DIVES.—1 Gecks and MacGillivray (tied), 2 Griffiths.

INTER-HOUSE RELAY.—1 Herschel, 2 Milton, 3 Hampden, 4 Gray.

INDIVIDUAL CHAMPION—Gecks.

CRICKET, 1937.

The First XI had a very successful season, losing only one match. This was lost to Wycombe at Slough. Two matches were abandoned owing to rain. One of these was the Old Paludians' match. They had scored 79 for 5 when rain stopped play.

In the Parents' match the First XI won, after an exciting struggle, by ten runs. Gecks played a very good game, making 51 runs and taking 5 wickets for 28 runs. Kent took 4 wickets for 40 runs. The parents' team played briskly, making our team work hard. Mr. Farr scored 38 and Mr. Neale 32.

School colours were awarded to Fuller.

1st XI	v. Windsor	..	W.	49—33.
	v. Langley Hall	—		Cancelled.
	v. Wycombe	..	L.	44—56 for 9.
	v. Marlow	..	W.	93—24.
	v. Windsor	..	W.	66—28.
	v. Maidenhead	W.		101 for 4—58.
	v. Old Paludians	—		Match stopped by rain. O.P.s 79 for 5.
	v. Parents	..	W.	129—119.

The Second XI were also very successful, winning all their matches. Two matches had to be cancelled on account of rain. The Parents' Second XI were easily beaten by 122 to 37 and 56. Grantham scored 41, and Haynes 30. The Third XI lost to the Parents in a match with plenty of hard hitting. The Parents scored 123 (Mr. Wood 47, Mr. Corder 22). The School scored 119 for 7 (Russell 42 and Hall 18 not out).

2nd XI	v. Windsor	..	W.	by an innings and 69 runs
	v. Wycombe	..	Rain	stopped play after one innings.
	v. Marlow	..	W.	57—37.
	v. Windsor	..	W.	by an innings and 25 runs.
	v. Parents	..	W.	by 122—37 and 56.

J.A.

HOUSE NOTES.

GRAY HOUSE.

Summer Term, 1937.

Officials : *Captain*—Elphick, A.
Vice-Captain—Boxall, J.
Secretary—Dyer, G. E.
Committee : Grantham, Haynes, Perry.

CRICKET.

Seniors.—The House had a successful season in sport, and tied for first place with Herschel. Elphick left soon after the beginning of the term, but the team was ably captained by Boxall. The eleven was as follows :—Dyer (i), Boxall (Capt.), Fuller, May, Grantham, Lightfoot, Perry, Haynes, Munday, Pardy and Reeves.

Results : v. Hampden	W.	55 for 7—8.
	W.	74 for 6—55.
v. Herschel	L.	15—54.
	W.	67 for 6—62 for 9.
v. Milton	W.	50 for 2—36.
	W.	79 for 5—39.

Intermediates.—The House came top for cricket, losing only one match. The team was as follows :—Batty (Capt.), Taylor, Maxwell, Boxall, Crowhurst, Hendy, Watts, Jenner, Omer, Hancock, Warr.

Results : v. Hampden	L.	38—46.	W.	62—47.
v. Herschel	W.	75 for 9—14.	W.	73—11.
v. Milton	W.	56—31.	W.	50—44.

Juniors.—In this section the House held second place for cricket. The team :—Harrington (Capt.), Goodsall, Fraser, Parsley, Reynolds, Burney, Omer, Mabbott, Bowen, Gilby, White.

Results : v. Hampden	W.	80—29.	W.	102—19.
v. Herschel	W.	38—18.	W.	52—37.
v. Milton	L.	8—59 for 1.	L.	18—52.

In the combined results for last year, ending with the Summer Term, Gray gained first place.

We regret having lost the following boys, who all left last term :—Boxall, Dyer, Elphick, Perry, Haynes, Grantham, all of these being members of the House team.

Officials for Autumn Term, 1937.

Captain—Lightfoot.
Vice-Captain—May.
Secretary—Hucker.
Committee—Reeves, Pardy, Fuller.

J.H.

HAMPDEN HOUSE.

Summer Term, 1937.

Officials : *Captain*—Ash, E.*Vice-Captain*—Hampton, L.*Secretary*—Weller, K.*Committee*—Richens, Hampton.

The boys worked hard this term, and proved their worth. The Intermediates and Juniors were top for work, while the Seniors finished second.

The cricket was not such a success, the Seniors finishing fourth (tied), the Intermediates gaining second place (tied), and the Juniors fourth.

Results :	P	W	D	L
Seniors ..	6	1	—	5
Intermediates	6	2	—	4
Juniors ..	6	—	—	6

The House gained third position for the year, and were only a few points behind the second house. We lost many boys at the end of the term, including all but five of our Seniors.

K.D.W.

HERSCHEL HOUSE.

Summer Term.

Officials : *Captain*—Gecks, J. V. H.*Vice-Captain*—Burkhard, H. J.*Secretary*—McGillivray, W. W.*Committee*—Kent, D. and Blake, D.

CRICKET.

Seniors.—The Seniors had a very successful season, winning all but one of their matches, and tying with Gray for first place.

Results : v. Milton	W.	65—22.
	W.	79 for 5—32.
v. Gray	W.	54—15.
	L.	62 for 9—67 for 6.
v. Hampden	W.	76 for 6—21.
	W.	83—56.

Intermediates.—The Intermediates had a rather unsuccessful season, losing all their matches, and so being placed fourth.

Results : v. Milton	L.	46—47.	L.	22—85.
v. Gray	L.	14—75 for 9.	L.	11—73.
v. Hampden	L.	38—61.	L.	36—39.

Juniors.—The Juniors were placed third for cricket, winning two of their matches.

Results : v. Milton	L.	7—32.	L.	32—36.
v. Gray	L.	18—38.	L.	37—52.
v. Hampden	W.	56 for 9—23.	W.	35—21.

SWIMMING SPORTS.

Herschel team won the Inter-House relay race, the team being : McGillivray, Rosenbrock, Bateman, Gecks.

Gecks won the Individual Championship.

MILTON HOUSE.

Summer Term.

Officials : *Captain*—Griffith, S.*Vice-Captain*—Blackmun, W.*Secretary*—Dyer, W.*Committee*—Blench, R. and Goodall, W.

CRICKET.

The Seniors were unfortunate in being placed third this term. The Intermediates played better, however, and came second. It was a very successful season for the Juniors, who did well to come first with twelve points, winning all their games.

Results :—

Seniors.

v. Herschel	L.	22—65.	L.	32—79 for 5.
v. Hampden	L.	22—25.	W.	68—22.
v. Gray	L.	36—50 for 2	L.	39—79 for 5.
Points, 2.	Position, tied 3rd.			

Intermediates.

v. Herschel	W.	47—46.	W.	85—22.
v. Hampden	W.	53—27.	W.	88—83.
v. Gray	L.	31—56.	L.	44—50.
Points, 8.	Position, tied 2nd.			

Juniors.

v. Herschel	W. 32—27.	W. 36 fer 5—32
v. Hampden	W. 109 for 2—14	W. 44—20,
v. Gray	W. 59 for 1—8	W. 52—18,

Points, 12. Position, 1st.

The position of the combined House for the term was fourth. The House was sorry to lose its Captain, Griffith, and Vice-captain, Blackmun, at the end of the term. Others who left were Dean, Moore, O'Neill, R. Taylor and Allen.

G. P. ALEXANDRA (*Sec.*).